

Life

March 7, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS



Bradshaw Crandell's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

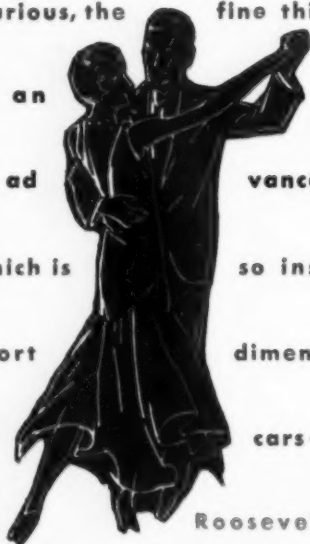
DO YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?
See Page 30

MARMON



For more than twenty-seven years Marmon has meant the truly distinc-

tive, the luxurious, the fine thing well done + + + Today Marmon means all that and more with an entirely new line of cars — each a straight-eight, each abundant in advanced engineering thought — each with that charm and unusualness which is so inseparably Marmon + + + New easy riding qualities and super comfort dimensions + + + With these cars Marmon covers the entire range of fine cars — the Big Eight — the "Eight-79" — the "Eight-69" and the Marmon - Roosevelt — a car for every possible motor car need.



Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

Diary of a Gagman

February 10th—An obliging usher at the Paramount promised "plenty of seats in the balcony, Sir, without waiting." By standing on the body I was able to see most of the picture over the tops of the standees' heads.

February 13th—This was an unlucky day for the bridge playing debutante who told me that she was to be married with simple honors.

February 20th—When the balls grouped on the billiard table today Clarence remarked that they reminded him of the place where he had stored his watch and overcoat. Broke three cues over his head and then stuffed him in the pocket of a nearby pool table.

February 21st—Louise asked me if I could book passage to Europe for her on the S. S. Van Dyne. I have submitted the diagram of how I disposed the body to the Crime Club.

February 22nd—Proposed to Cynthia today. She laughed. I laughed. We both went out and had a drink. She was admitted to the Alcoholic Ward at Bellevue shortly afterward.

February 25th—Mary Ellen told me that she had been reading some of my published stuff lately. "Laugh? I thought I'd die!" said Mary Ellen. She did.

March 1st—A taxidermist intimated today that I had been "stealing his stuff." He looks perfectly swell between the moose's head and the swordfish in the trophy room.

March 3rd—Was offered a very neat sum for my radio patent today. Which patent is a radio set for practical jokers. When the dial is turned it blows up.

March 4th—Had an awful cold lately and asked a friend what he had been doing for his. He was just about to say "Cough" when I nailed him.

—Ed Graham.



"If you can't come in, let us give you an estimate."

You who love fine coffee
will be interested in this advertisement



Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation.

NO DRINK has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Yet, thousands of people who love coffee do not drink it because they fear it will keep them awake.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delicious blend of the world's finest coffees—with the caffeine removed. And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost! How much better than cheerless substitutes!

You can enjoy Kaffee Hag Coffee at midnight. It will never affect your nerves or keep you awake.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no finer coffee on the market. New vacuum tins seal the flavor in.

Will you try it? . . . Isn't there some one in your home who loves coffee but fears to drink it at night? Give him Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as he wants. Make it just as you make any other coffee. How pleased he'll be. And how restfully he'll sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample. . . For 10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at night. See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

KELLOGG COMPANY Dept. N-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

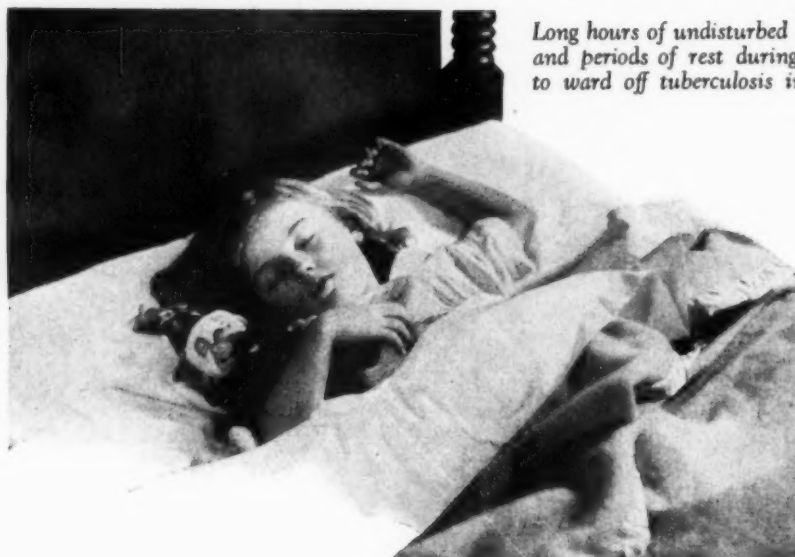
Name _____

Address _____

Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE that lets you sleep

Prevent in time



Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs.

Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-F.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

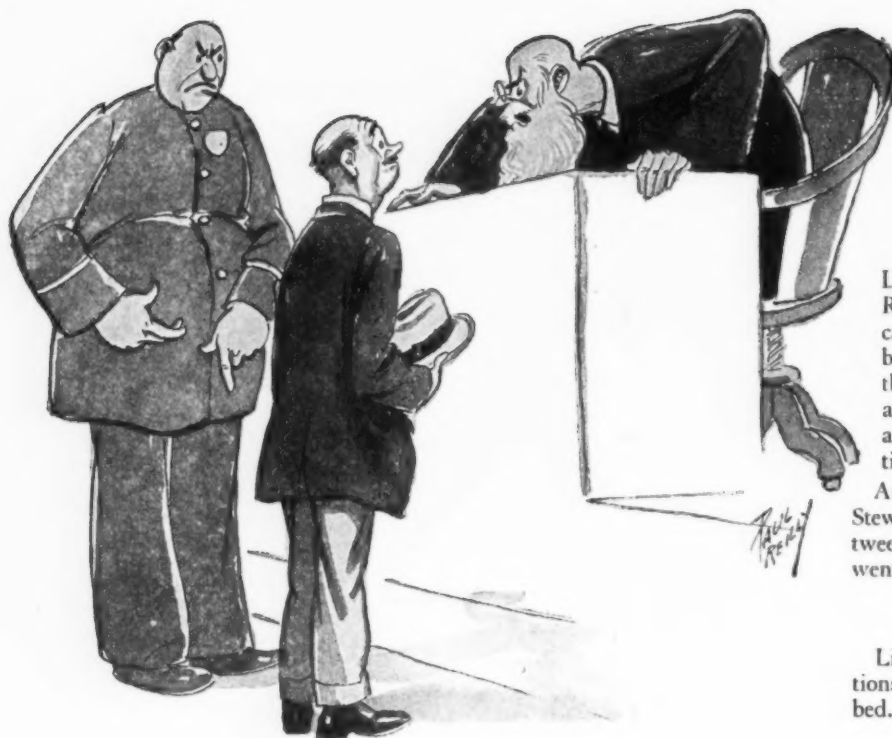
Life



George S. Hart

Out on Bail.

Disarmament
Begins at Home!



"What's the charge, officer, selling it?"
 "No, your honor—DILUTIN' it!"

Subtlety

Oh, when you swear on all above
 To worship me when dying,
 Ah, may you never learn, my love,
 How well I know you're lying.

Or when you pledge your faithfulness
 As 'neath the moon we sit,
 I hope that you will never guess
 I know it's 'cause you're lit!
 —Gerry Williams.

It's a great comfort to go back to the
 home town and find out your old
 chums haven't done so well, either.

An empty stomach
 makes about the best
 breakfast nook.

What worries a gal these days is not
 whether her soul is white as the driven
 snow, but whether she's got a smudge
 on her nose.

Mr. Hearst is building himself a 70-
 bath residence in California. Must be
 going in for Grand Opera.

GREAT AMERICAN PARTNERSHIPS.

Hamanaygz.
 Pennonink.
 Breadanbutter.
 Toastancawfee.



BLOTTO: Where am I?
 BARKEEP: Forty-ninth St.—we've moved three times since you came in!

A Philosophic Fable

Once upon a time there was
 a man who discovered that he
 could run faster *from* a lion
 than he could *after* a rabbit.
 One day while marveling over
 the fact that the Rabbit always
 got away when he chased it,
 and that in escaping from a
 Lion he always ran faster than any
 Rabbit was ever known to run, it
 came to him that if he could only
 be chasing bunnies at the same time
 that he was fleeing Lions he would
 always be able to capture the one
 at the same time that he was get-
 ting away from the other.

After that he always had Rabbit
 Stew for dinner any day he got be-
 tween a Lion and a Rabbit, and he
 went looking for Lions every day.

—Anon-amos.

Listed among our impossible situa-
 tions is trying to hide under a moderne
 bed.

"You can't stop a man from think-
 ing," may be right, but what Vicious
 Vera wants to know is: "How do you
 get one started?"

Scott Shots

The radiator song—a little hiss each morning.

In some parts of the country the liquor is so bad that if it weren't so expensive nobody would drink it.

People who live in pent houses shouldn't throw stones either.

One way to see yourself as others see you is to get a passport photo.

A janitor is known by the temperature he keeps.

A woman driver is one who doesn't let her right hand know what her left hand has signaled.

Our idea of real news would be if a lion shot Martin Johnson.

The dries plan to celebrate the anniversaries of prohibition by having all the church bells ring for one hour, but a better way would be to have all the speakeasies close for five minutes.

You can't judge a book by its cover or an apartment house by its doorman.

Another thing that seems to be making great strides these days is the family overhead. —W. W. Scott.



"Madam, can I do anything for you in pajamas?"

It's unlucky to break a mirror or a twenty dollar bill in a speakeasy.

Good times for a salesman is when every prospect pleases.

In most families father owes best.

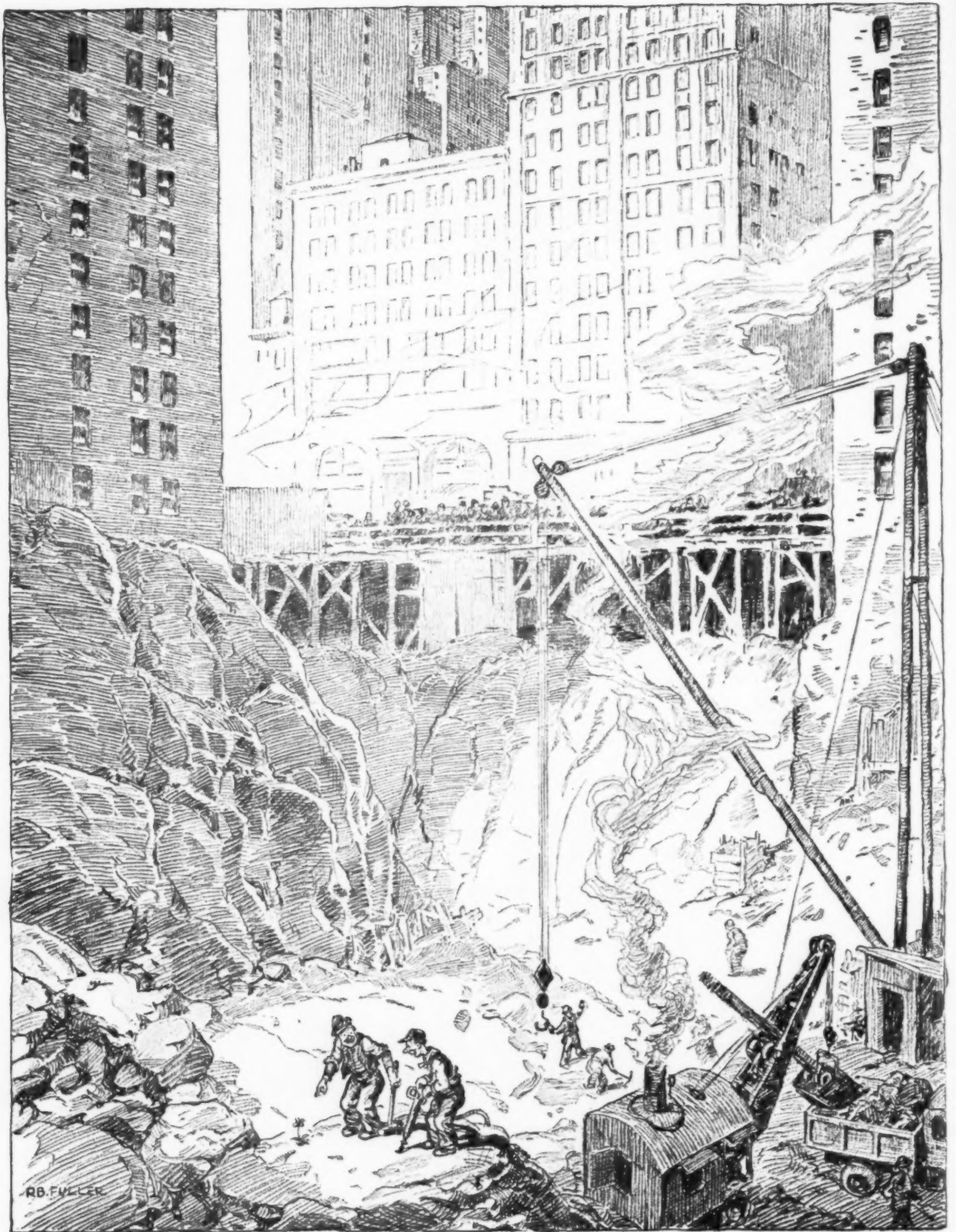
When this country was first discovered it was a howling wilderness, and since then it has progressed to be a howling civilization.

Some day we're going to get up the nerve to tell a traffic cop we really are going to a fire—and how about him going to blazes himself?

Just a few more informative doubles, and we'll shoot the Works.



"You say the radio won't work? Fine! I'll be home for dinner!"



"Look, Bill! Spring must 'ave come!"

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Choo-Choo

THE Florida-New York express rattled through the night. So did old Smith. Nancy Smith and Bill Sparks on the same train were not rattling. They were sitting very close together on the observation platform dreaming of love and fishing cinders out of each other's eyes. From the interior of the car Smith looked at them from time to time and sighed.

Anyone suddenly jumping out of the washroom and seeing this would have thought, "Quelle picture!" (What a picture!) "The old father, proud, watches his daughter with love in his eye!" But then anyone suddenly jumping out of the washroom would not have been able to see the blonde seated just across the aisle from the proud father with love in his eye.

Presently Mr. Smith smiled openly at her. He rattled his paper. Then he said, "Hurr! Going north?"

The blonde, who had been looking at Smith and thinking of dinner smiled back at him. She looked out of the window and said, "Damned if I'm not!"

"Co-co," said Smith and, as usual, got stuck.

"If it's the same to you," said the blonde, "I'll take coffee."

"Co," said Smith again, "incidence!"

"Attabo!" said the lady. "I knew you'd make it!"

Smith mounted to his feet and, assisted by a jerk of the train, sat down

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

suddenly in the chair beside her. She said, "I'm Mabel Lee Bolton."

He said, "Hah, my name's Smith."

"Hah!" said Miss Bolton. "Get down again and come up right. What's your real name?"

"Smith," he said again. "Robert Smith."

"Oh," said Miss Bolton. "That's different."

"I was just won—hah—won—"

"Few are more," said Mabel Lee. "Even in the best families."

"Wondering," said Smith, "if you'd like to have dinner with me?"

"Don't," said Mabel Lee and rose.

They began the long staggering march toward the diner. It was a pleasant march, for the structure of the roadbed at this point was such that Smith found himself frequently tossed gently against her. He liked that. There was a scent about her hair that brought back to him memories of an old Harris tweed overcoat he had loved dearly. At the door of the diner, he felt someone tug at his sleeve. He turned.



From where Bill stood he could plainly see the blonde girl on the platform.



"What the hell, Willing?" For the life of him he didn't see why his butler should go tugging at sleeves and what-not just when he was about to dine with a beautiful lady.

"Ppst!" said Willingdrift. "She's better."

Smith, though not overburdened with intellect, had a certain protective shrewdness. He said, "How much?"

"Ppst," said Willingdrift again, sounding like a hole in a steam pipe. "She may get up. If I come to you and tell you the conductor wishes to see you, duck out."

"Hurr," said Smith. "Duck out is right!"

Miss Bolton overheard this last. She said, "What are you talking about? 'Fraid of something?"

Smith was, after all, a Smith. Like a knight he rose to the occasion handsomely. He said, "Hoped to feed you some fowl. They're all out of it."

"Oh," said Miss Bolton. As she passed up the aisle where Smith couldn't see her face, she smiled. She'd been in a certain chorus at the Shubert when one Bunny Dixon had been made a star. She was thinking, as they sat down, that it might be rather nice to be a star; if the hours weren't too long.

Two hours later the Florida-New York express was still rattling through the night. But Smith wasn't rattling. He was sitting on the observation

(Continued on Page 30)



"Freddy's a real ole-timer—why, he can even remember when they used to hide the bottles under the table."

Censorship is merely an unpleasant word, used against us by the enemies of our work. —*John S. Sumner.*

The women of this country, taken as a whole, will not stand for drunks lying around the premises.

—*Senator Capper.*

I believe parents are usually bad for their children. —*John B. Watson.*

Surely a woman's wit can teach her how to resign as head of the domestic court of appeals and install her husband in that responsible office.

—*Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.*

No woman with children is ever entirely solitary. —*Kathleen Norris.*

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Women in love with me always act strangely. —*Harry Richman.*

Toscanini has nothing to fear from Rudy Vallée. —*Rev. John Haynes Holmes.*

Not a single new idea has appeared in American journalism since the dawn of the Twentieth Century. —*H. L. Mencken.*

We are prosperous because we ride in automobiles. —*Walter P. Chrysler.*

Nobody worships the Volstead act. —*Commissioner Doran.*

A husband should be kept for evenings, like the theatre. —*Peggy Joyce.*

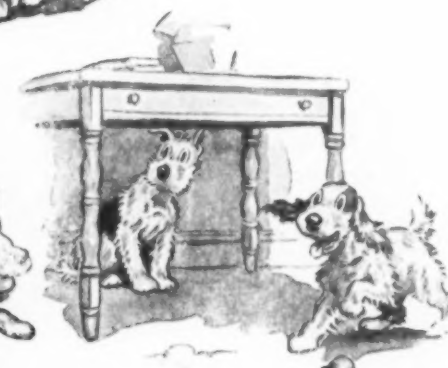
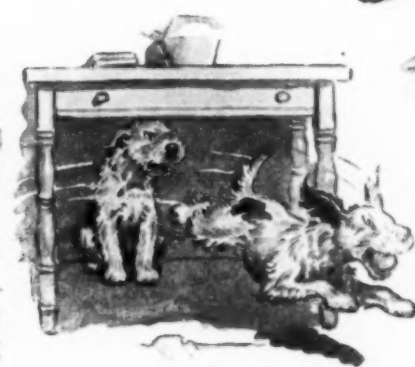
The American business man is the dullest creature on earth in social intercourse. —*Gertrude Atherton.*

I am sure drink is of no use to the human system. —*Henry Ford.*

An overwhelming majority of our people consider prohibition as one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed on the State through legislation. —*Senator Capper of Kansas.*



"You've been so faithful about this income-tax, George! Why bother with it this year? I'm sure they won't mind—just this once!"



SINBAD.
Afternoon Callers.
(2)

EDWIN



"No use tryin' to make old Walt hear us—he's deaf!"
 "He is? Poor fella!"



"Superstition's one thing I never fall fr. I'd as soon see the
 new moon over my left shoulder as—"

Perfect

We now have a wrist watch that you don't have to wind. We're still waiting for one that you don't have to wear.

Big Letdown

Show business is said to be terrible in New York. So bad, in fact, that press agents have been taking two zeros off the salaries of the stars.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *starve* with an *h* and get something that keeps you from doing it.
- (2) Scramble *cheap* with an *a* and get a wild man.
- (3) Scramble *lathe* with an *m* and get a mad man.
- (4) Scramble *manors* with an *a* and get something that makes a boat go.
- (5) Scramble *garnets* with an *e* and get an officer.
- (6) Scramble *groan* with a *c* and get what you say to the waiter in French.

(Answers on Page 27)



"His dad's the racketeer."



"Death Takes a Holiday."

Life in Washington

NOT until 1932 will we have the chance to discover whether government of the Methodists, by the Anti-Saloon League, for the Bootleggers, shall perish from the United States. The Congressional wet hearings showed that all Congress cares about are the big battalions. Mrs. Sabin is organizing the women for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The "Crusaders" hope to get 10,000,000 anti-prohibition signatures by 1932. A Liberal Party is proposed to knife any Congressman whom the Anti-Salooners endorse. But Congress looks no farther ahead than the elections this autumn and until the wets show that they can say it with votes, denunciation of political corruption and social disintegration will fall on dry ears. The election of a wet Democratic Congressman from Mr. Coolidge's home town is so far the only solid political fact on the wet side.

The official point of view is political couéism—day by day, we grow drier and drier in every way. Senator Shepherd leads the dry flock to the coccolas of life with his "Not only has there been no breakdown in prohibition enforcement, but it has been a gratifying and tremendous success from every standpoint." Georgie Wickershams also subscribes to this political polyanna. The New Jersey enforcement chief says, "One can't buy a drink

in Jersey." One may not, but many can and do.

The Administration has started enforcing the law as though it applied to everything and everybody. One hundred eighty-six indictments in Chicago, accusing the Fleischmann Co. and the Corn Products Co. of selling yeast and corn syrup to naughty scoff-laws. Dry padlocks for whole hotels in Manhattan, where 32,000 speak-easies can't be wrong. Nobody to serve ice, glasses or ginger-ale and drinkers in public places to be arrested. One hundred thirty-two indictments in St. Louis. And the Wash-

ington police have framed a perfect test case to see whether the purchaser of liquor can't be sent to jail or at least blackmailed. The idea is to put it up to the Supreme Court, which will then make the Dred Scott Decision of the Rum Rebellion and produce, with the very best judicial butter, that sense of personal insecurity which spells direct action.

The Senate has already expressed its opinion of the Court by ratifying Charles Hughes, by a two to one vote, as though he were a Treaty. Perhaps he is. The Coalition led the attack on the gentleman with the whiskers and by the time they were through they had stuck horns and tail on him as well. The farmers expressed their opinion of the Senate by saying that the more they saw of Tariff Revision, the better they liked dogs. Hoover got to Florida in time to catch a 45-pound fish and a thousand dollar sunburn. He decided to return to Washington at once.

The Naval Conference has been funny without once being vulgar. We asked France to abandon submarines and Tardieu said, "Mais non!" We then said, "May we not humanize the inhuman instruments?" And Tardieu said, "Mais oui!" We suggested that the British scrap their newest battleships or sell us one, and talk of the battleship being an obsolete weapon died so suddenly that it didn't even hurt.

Henry Ford plans to go in for the endowment of education in his old age. We thought nearly everybody knew how to drive one. —J. F.



"I say, Jarvis—my elephant gun."

The Pied Printer

The five jokes below were placed in a cocktail shaker and mixed by LIFE's Pied Printer. The second paragraph of each is out of place. If you are smart enough to correct the mistakes, you deserve a prize. Go out and buy yourself a lollipop.

"All right, boys; fire's out," yelled the fire chief. "Put away your axes, pikes and hose and let's go home." The brave laddies did so, but as their red wagon drew up at the fire hall they found the alarm bell inside was still ringing.

"It isn't affection. Each wants to know if the other has had a drink."

"The Blinks certainly are an affectionate couple. Every time they meet, at home or on the street, they kiss."

"Migosh," exclaimed a rookie fireman, "I wonder if we chopped down the wrong house!"

"It's just about fifty miles as the crow flies."

"You cannot, Cyrus. Use a dollar of your own apple jack."

"You say they are the most stubborn couple in town?"

"How far is it as the autos fly?"

"Mirandy, can I borrow a dollar of your butter and egg money?"

"Yes. They've both read magazines for years and he still refuses to eat yeast and she still washes her dishes with laundry soap."
—Tom Sims.

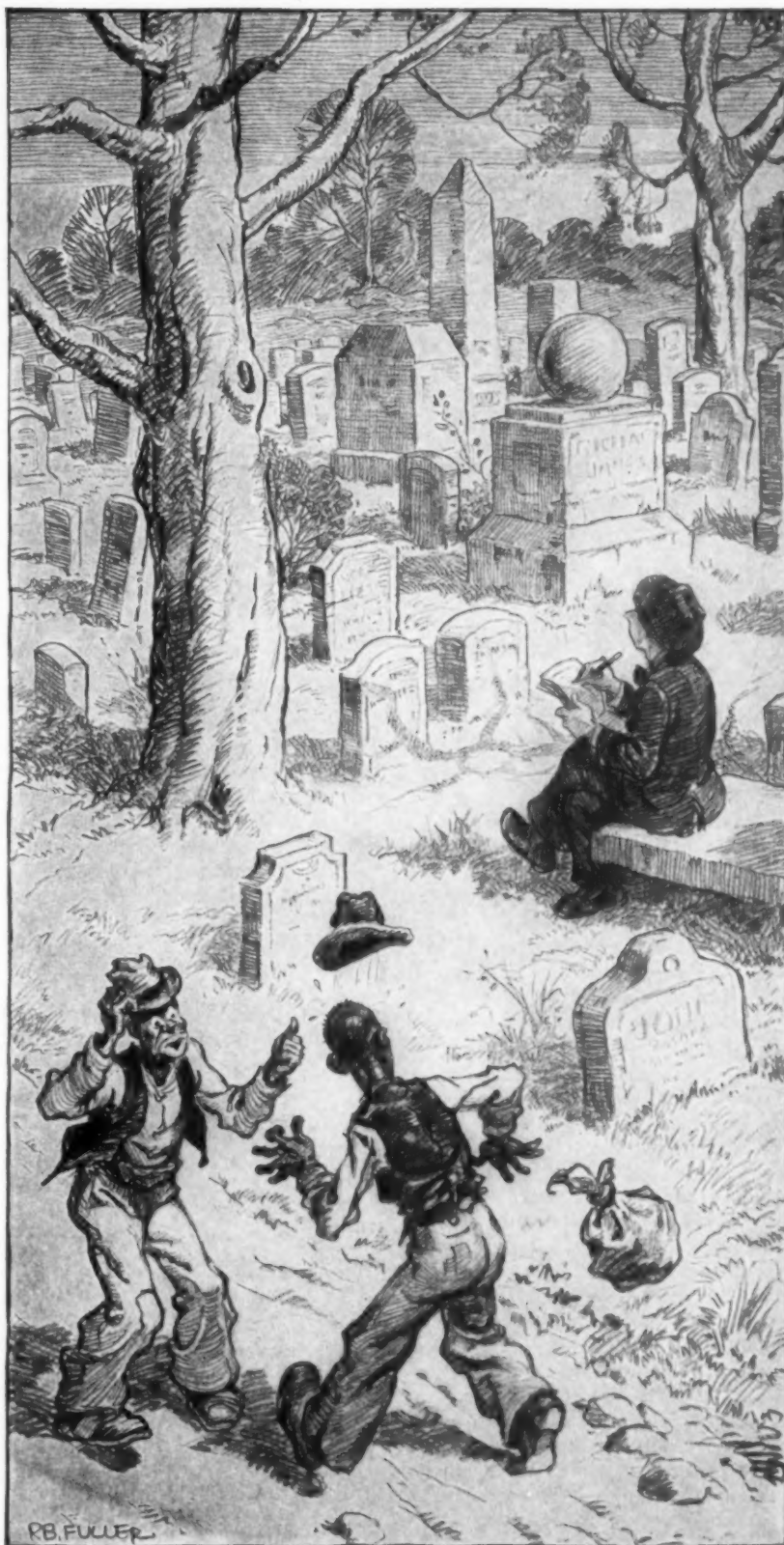
GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Inspekshun Toors.
Opprations.
Eggzegutives.
Fashul Massadges.

The chief objection we have to the Anti-saloon League is that it won't leave us saloon.

Then there was the Scotchman who never got a bit of fun out of LIFE. The newsstand man wouldn't lend him a copy.

A fanatic is a fellow who has never found some other way to have fun.



"M-mus' b-be one o' d-dem g-ghos'-writers ah b-been hearin' about!"



"Aw pshaw!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

FEBRUARY 14—Wakened in an unfamiliar room, so that I did wonder where I was, and then remembered that I had come to Northampton on last night's sleeper, and that Dorothy Murray, the nurse, was come to stay with me, and she does tell me of her pleasure in stopping at an inn, for that she does enjoy ordering whatever she chooses to eat, and I do envy her her appetite, for Lord! I am at some pains at the moment to get down even a little black coffee. So Dr. Brown to see me, and he tells me that he thinks I will live, a matter on which I am temporarily indifferent, and I did mark the twinkle in his eye, which is not unlike that of President Neilson himself, and I do recall how Mr. Neilson, when he first came to Smith, was addressed by a traveling salesman in a smoking compartment, "My line's skirts. What's yours?" and how, after reflecting briefly, he did respond, "So is mine." Mistress Bradshaw to luncheon, which I did watch her eat, and we talked of the days when I did study the English poets from Landor to Kipling under her instruction, and I did confide to her my current astonishment at the learned notes with which my

copy of Browning is lined, for it does not seem possible that one small head could ever have held such erudition. Which minded me that Fifi Fitler says all that she remembers from her education is that Caesar crossed the Rubicon in 49 B. C., but she does not know why he did so. Several Valentines on the noon post, one of them from Sam, but

it did not contain the cheque which I had rather hoped would fall out of it, and also a letter from Jim Batterson telling about Mimi's new baby, and he says that it is perfectly all right with him to be a grandfather, but that he cannot quite reconcile himself to being married to a grandmother.

(Continued on Page 28)



TOURIST: Beg pardon, could you give me a little information?

"Sure! Where you goin'?"

"To St. Louis."

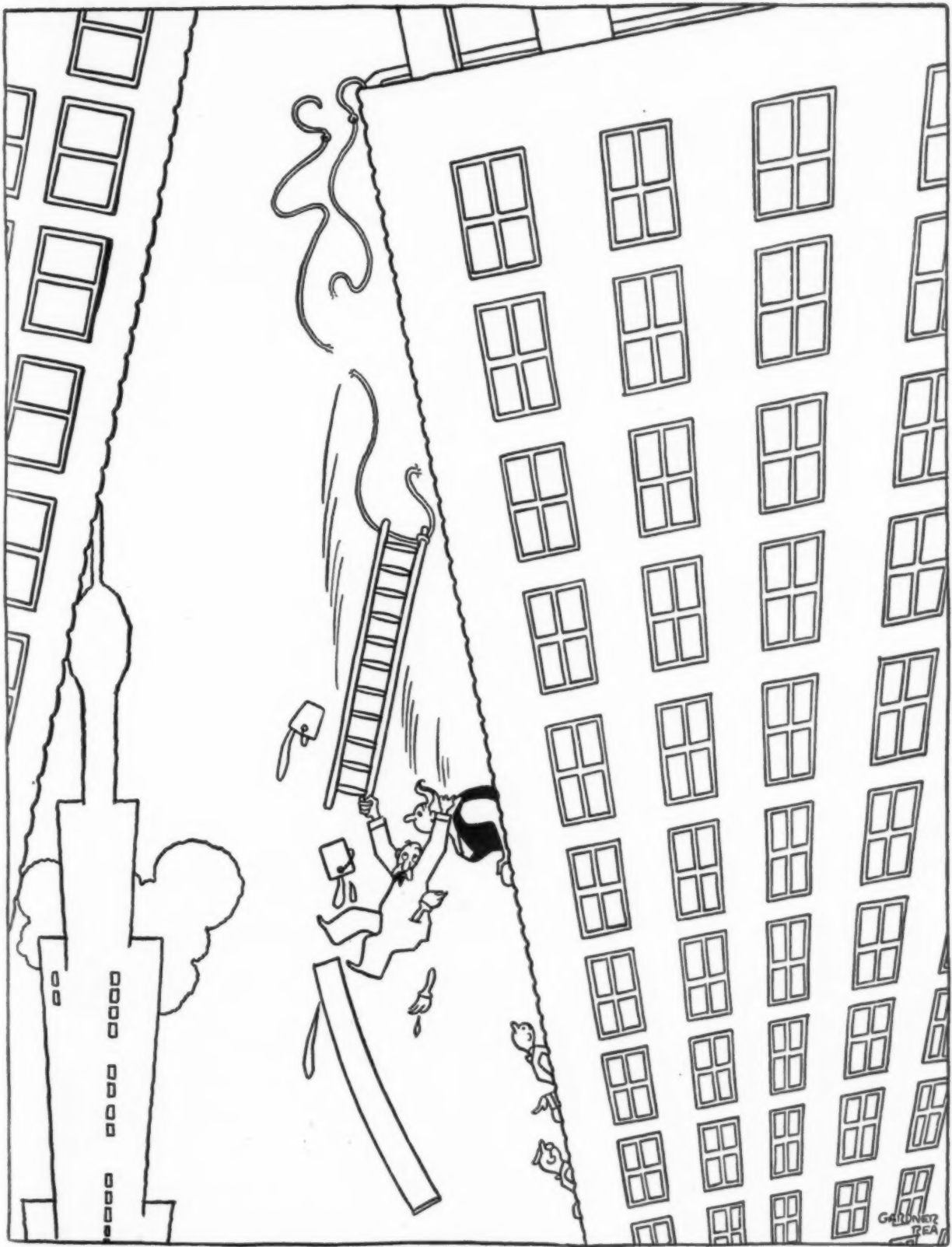
"How far you come?"

"From Utica."

"Have any tire trouble?"

"Very little."

"Well, gid apl! Got to be movin', always glad to help strangers."



"Gawd forgive me, for ever belittlin' women!"

New York Life



Clean Up Week

IF THE theatrical producers really wish to protect their customers from the dread speculator here, for the asking, is an absurdly simple plan . . . it would inconvenience the public just a trifle but the money it would save them would make it well worth the bother . . . First, *all* tickets to be sold at the box-office . . . when the theatre-goer purchases his seats he will be asked to write his name on the back of one of the tickets in the presence of the box office man . . . when he hands his tickets to the doorman the evening of the performance he will be asked to sign his name once again on a register for that purpose . . . a glance will tell if the two signatures are the same . . . for orders for seats sent by mail, the signature of the writer may be torn from the letter containing the order, and pasted on the back of one of the tickets, and the same procedure gone through when arriving at the theatre . . . the same method could be used when people send messengers or friends to buy seats for them . . . this would also apply to clubs and hotels . . . this system will make it impossible for the speculators to get hold of tickets . . . let's go, Equity!

Another Remedy

As long as we're cleaning up the town here's a simple way to put the "gyp" taxi out of business, that is if *Grover Whalen* will do anything about it . . . when "taken for a ride" in a "gyp" taxi, jot down the hack license number and name of the bandit before leaving the cab, and send it to the police department . . . they will do the rest . . . say, won't this be a swell town pretty soon!

For Men Only

I would like to see a sign over the door of the *Sam Harris* theatre, where

"*The Last Mile*" is playing, which reads "*For Men Only!*" . . . having sat speechless through one performance, including intermissions, and listened to the chatter of the womenfolk around me, I decided to go again a few nights later for the thrill of re-seeing the play and also to make sure if other women reacted the same way . . . they did . . . while I sat enthralled by the terrible intensity and realism of this gruesome drama, such remarks as these filtered into



my ears . . . "For Goodness Sakes! What did you ever pick out such a thing as this for!" "My Dear! This is simply terrible! Let's go some place and dance!" "Why, in Heaven's name, did the critics rave about this melodrama!" etc., etc., etc. . . . here is a play which re-enacts faithfully what actually happened up at *Auburn* just a few months ago; here is the rawest, truest slice of life which has been put on the stage in years, and yet it seemed to make no more impression on the dear girls, at least the ones within my earshot, than a strawberry festival! . . . if it had been a mystery play, with revolver shots in the dark and sliding panels, they would have shrieked and tore their marcelled hair but this thing, for some strange

reason, left them cold . . . "Why?" I mumbled in my beard, as I wandered up *Broadway* in a cold daze . . . is it because they don't realize they are seeing something real, something terrible? Is it because they don't know such things actually happen? Is it because they lack imagination? Is it because they are dumb, or is it just because they are women? . . . maybe that's it . . . probably the men in an audience witnessing a play which pictured a woman in the throes of childbirth wouldn't be expected to get as much kick out of it as the ladies but no, that can't be it, because I've never seen the inside of a prison and yet, "*The Last Mile*" moved me more than any play I've seen in a long time . . . will some kind lady who has seen the play put me out of my misery?

Crusade

Two highly significant movements have started almost simultaneously . . . one is the new third party, called the

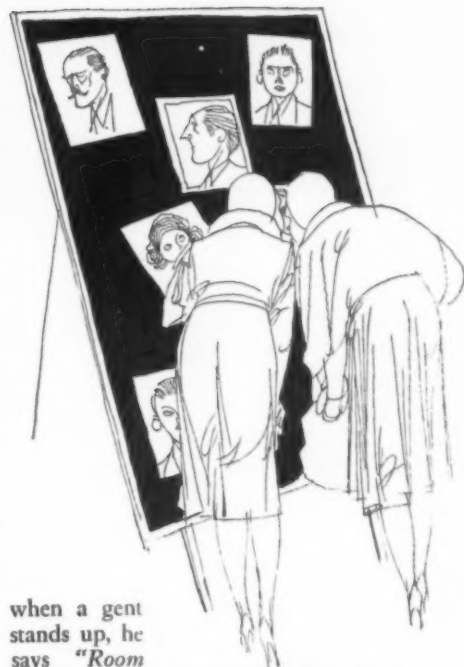


Liberal party, sponsored by Samuel Harden Church, head of Carnegie Institute, the other is the *Crusaders* launched by a group of young business men in Cleveland . . . both have much the same idea—the defeat of prohibition and the fight for temperance . . . why don't the boys get together? . . . The *Crusaders* is a much more intriguing name, more romantic, more stirring and appealing . . . many people associate the name *Liberal* with radicals and bolshevism . . . they are wrong, but thousands of them are going to be needed to swell the ranks of either organization enough to make an impression . . . Hail the *Crusaders*! . . .

Manna-About-Town

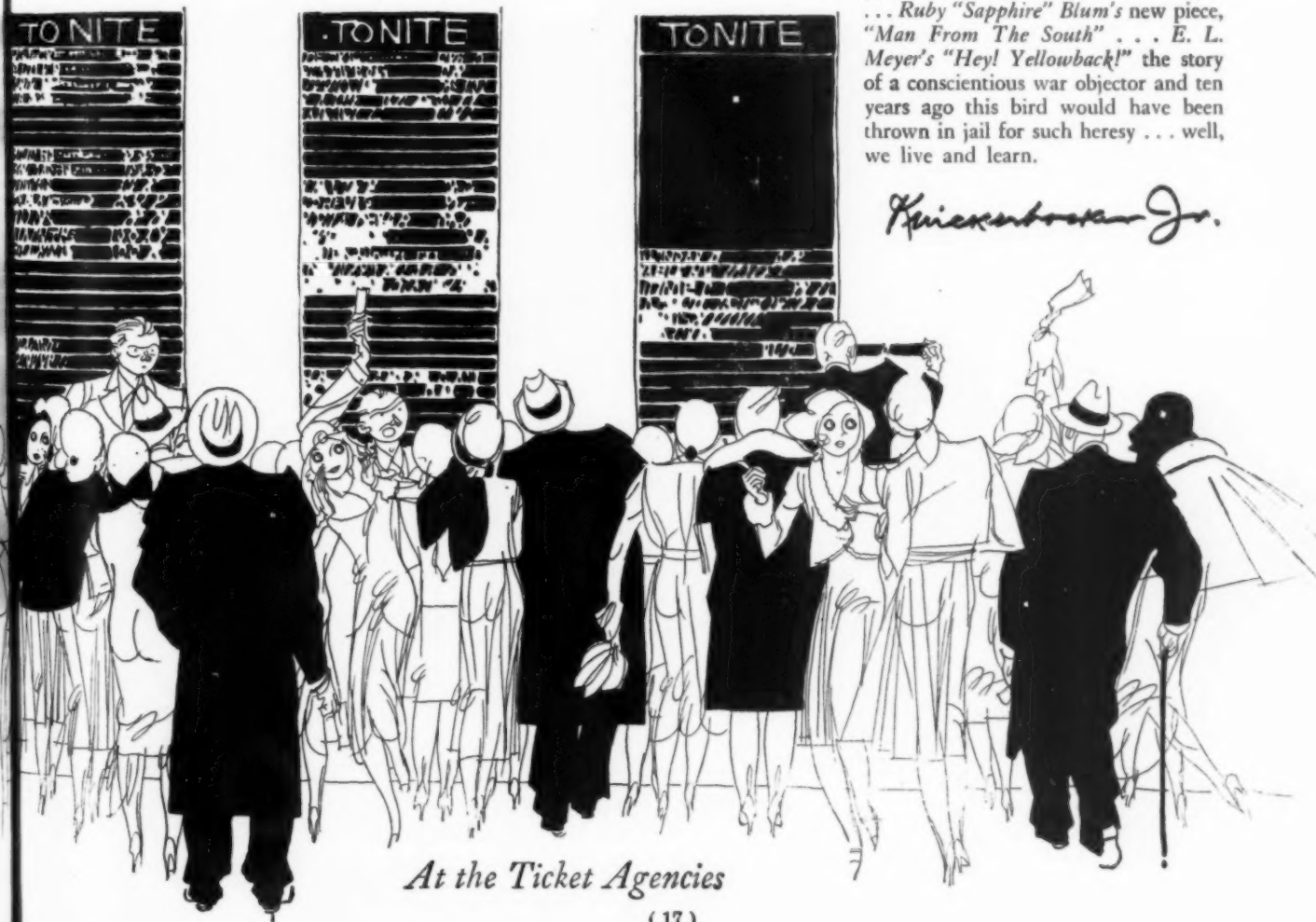
The Flaps and flappers now roll their new coats around in the mud until they look real dirty . . . the colored convict in "*The Last Mile*" . . . the new racket—*Theatre Block Parties*—throw a "42"

party, the idea being to take in the four shows on *Forty-second* street in one evening—they are "*Strike Up the Band*," "*Ripples*," "*Fifty Million Frenchmen*" and "*Wake Up and Dream*" . . . this can be done with several other blocks around the *Square*, that is, if you have plenty of money . . . Leo Reisman playing "*So Sympathetic*," which is so like "*Just You, Just Me*" . . . Oh, all right! *Amos n' Andy* . . . "*She's Such a Comfort to Me*" from "*Wake Up and Dream*" . . . Ed Wynn's new mouse trap, which is so difficult for the mice to get into that they get discouraged and go to some other house . . . Mary Roberts Rinehart's "*The Door*" running in the *Post* . . . The editorials in the *Telegram* . . . *Baby Rose Marie* . . . new drink called the *Knickerbocker* and if I wasn't so modest I'd admit that I invented it—one-third *Cointreau*, one-third brandy and one-third white or green mint . . . Phil Baker's *Palace* gag—he asks if there is a Mr. Green in the house and



when a gent stands up, he says "Room 746 at the *Manger* wants a pint of rye" . . . Ruby "*Sapphire*" Blum's new piece, "*Man From The South*" . . . E. L. Meyer's "*Hey! Yellowback!*" the story of a conscientious war objector and ten years ago this bird would have been thrown in jail for such heresy . . . well, we live and learn.

Knickerbocker Jr.



At the Ticket Agencies

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

IT IS largely the fault of French playwrights that America has got such a big boy without discovering that the private life of the French people is not entirely devoted to sex. Because man cuts a deliciously preposterous figure in the practice of the art and science of amour, their writers have found other subjects for comedy quite dull in comparison and they have given the world to believe that Frenchmen spend their time smirking at smutty stories and escaping from friends' wives' bedrooms. As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the average Frenchman's leisure time is spent standing before a small group of admirers snorting and bellowing in indignation at the office-holders, *fonctionnaires*, who flood, harry and spoil the Third Republic, who suck his blood and who make taxes what they are, or, at least, what they would be if one were *gobemouche* enough to pay them.

This Gallic indoor sport Marcel Pagnol has made the subject of as rich a satire as has been seen around these parts for a French poodle's age. Americans have a blinder faith in Democracy than the French have and, for this reason, much of the bite of the irony is wasted here, but the easy, pleasant comic invention in "Topaze" fills it with as many healthy giggles as can be found anywhere in town, with a number of round guffaws thrown in for good measure. Monsieur Topaze is a miserable school-teacher who looks on two thousand francs a month as a lot of money. He falls in with a grafting politician, learns the tricks of the trade, and ends up, himself, a super-grafter. The part is supremely well played by Frank Morgan. "Topaze" ought to be among the first five in any conscientious list of comedies to be seen at the moment.

WHEN Mamma and Papa went to the theatre and left little Ralphie, aged 11½, alone in the house to entertain himself with a first reading of Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," little Ralphie was frozen into a trance of horror which vaguely approached the feeling that came over him as he watched "The Last Mile" the other night. Little Ralphie is a great big man now, who gave up pulling out gray hairs as long ago as last December, but when the curtain finally

came down on the last act of this play by John Wexley there was a thin coating of ice on his temples and in the palms of his hands and a hardened dramatic critic sitting at his right had to feed him a spot of Napoleon brandy from a walking-stick before he could be unbent and sent home.

The curtain rises on a row of cells in the death house of a modern prison, each containing an excellent actor. From that point forward, the thing gets worse and worse. The last simple and ghastly rites are performed on No. 7 and he is led out to the chair. There are no women in the play, but when No. 3 talks of his girl, Woman



"Check your hat and coat, sir?"

is on the stage more tenderly and vividly than many actresses could put her there. No. 13, a great, buck negro, sings spirituals and complains of his room number. Presently, No. 5 catches a guard's neck in the crook of his arm and there follows a mutiny and a shambles that make Armour's Packing Company look like Bernard Shaw's pantry. The terror of death never was set so horribly before the eyes. Spencer Tracy, James Bell and Howard Phillips are only three names from a faultless cast. "The Last Mile" is as much as an ordinary set of nerves can stand.

IN ORDER to mark clearly the line between art and life, Chinese actors speak and sing in a squeaking falsetto. American actors speak like Englishmen

on the stage. These are theatrical conventionalities which become altogether supportable once one is accustomed to them, but, until one is, Chinese actors seem like bad Julian Eltinges to Americans and American actors seem like robots with adenoids to the Chinese—and never the twain shall meet, which is a great pity in view of the fact that the Chinese subordinate everything—story, action, plausibility—to beauty. Everything that happens on the stage must delight the eye. Nothing must be ugly or incongruous. If an actor plays the rôle of one who has traveled in foreign parts and has returned home, instead of appearing in a suit of tweeds picked up in Bond Street, he wears a gorgeous costume in Chinese embroidery that harmonizes with the other costumes on the stage and merely paints the tip of his nose white. The snow peaked nose means to the Chinese theatre-goer that the character is a returned traveler, and the beauty of the ensemble is not harmed. The American theatre could learn more from the Chinese in this department than it is pleasant to think about.

Mei Lan-fang, China's greatest actor, is at present making an American tour. In color harmony alone, it is a rare treat and a great lesson to the designers of costumes and scenery for our musical comedies, and there isn't an actress or dancer in America or Europe who wouldn't profit incalculably by a close study of the miraculous grace with which Mr. Mei moves his hands.

THE provocative title of "The Infinite Shoeblack" fooled me. I expected something strange and charming, somehow. I was badly fooled. Helen Menken plays a pleasure-loving well-kept courtesan who marries a Scotch student and dies of it in the last act. The piece moves in an unrecognizable atmosphere and there is a good deal of pointless talk about love, and the like. I couldn't quite see Miss Menken as a very successful courtesan (£4,000 a year, she made out of it) but she did look very, very ill in the death scene. I do hope someone has told her how her toes looked from the front when she wiggled them.

SYLVIA SIDNEY does a good job in an imitation of "It's a Wise Child" called "Many a Slip."



IN "RIPPLES" AND IN "THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK."
Fred Stone, back after quite an absence, and Helen Menken.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Happy Days"

YOU should see "Happy Days" because it is the first feature length picture to be photographed on *Grandeur* film. For the benefit of our readers who may not be familiar with this recent development in the movie industry, we will present a few details. Here is a new wrinkle which may prove revolutionary.

Grandeur film is 70 millimeters in width, as compared with the ordinary width of 35 millimeters. The screen now in use at the Roxy for the showing of this new film is 42 feet wide by 20 feet high, as compared with the average size of 24 x 18. The fundamental improvements resulting are these: The new screen presents a field of vision equal to that of the average stage. Every proportion of the picture is increased, making details clearly visible to spectators in distant parts of the theatre and eliminating the distortion that occurs when a person views a movie from an extreme angle at the sides of the theatre. The increase in size of individual figures does away with the necessity of numerous close-ups, thereby speeding up the action of the picture and improving the dramatic continuity. The sound track (which is along the edge of the film, and through which a ray of light

is projected to create sound) is three times wider on *Grandeur* than on ordinary film. This reduces the amount of amplification necessary to fill a large theatre which, of course, improves the quality of the sound produced.

The statements that the new film and rectangular screen create a stereoscopic illusion of depth have not been justified. The third dimension in movies remains a secret. However, it is true that the increased size of the pictures does not make them appear grotesque, as you will see. We say, "you will see" advisedly, because just

as soon as the manufacturers of Grandeur cameras and film can supply the demand that has been created by the innovation, theatres all over the country will install the new screens and other necessary equipment.

A word for "Happy Days." The film offers all of the luminaries on the Fox payroll in a pleasantly unimportant song-and-dance movie. There are two outstanding scenic features. One introduces a hot tune entitled, "Crazy Feet," and the other presents Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell singing a ditty about "building a little home of our own." The enthusiasm with which movie fans receive the



"I hope you won't mind my eatin' wit' my raccoon coat on, Mrs. Peebles—I'm havin' my suit pressed."

vocal efforts of this attractive pair of youngsters almost convinces us that the eye controls the ear. Two other tunes you will be dancing to are "Mona" and "Shake Hips." George Olsen and his orchestra make the singing and dancing in the picture seem better than it is. Victor MacLagen and Edmund Lowe sing a duet that is fair enough, considering they are not singers, and Will Rogers appears long enough to advertise his favorite chewing gum.

Good fun, and you will get a kick out of *Grandeur*.

"The Green Goddess"

THE remarkable performance given by Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli" resulted in this picture receiving the greatest number of votes in a recent nation-wide ballot of movie critics to determine the best ten films of the past year. It is with genuine regret that this department is unable to recommend his latest effort, "The Green Goddess." We can honestly say that the silent movie version of this story, which was made by Mr. Arliss many years ago, was better entertainment than this talking picture.

ment than this talking picture.

The fault cannot be placed at the door of the star, though it must be admitted that his characterization of the politely cruel and suavely lecherous Rajah of Rukh does not have the popular appeal of his lovable Disraeli. The real fault lies with the supporting cast, whose incompetence neutralizes every clever move or utterance Mr. Arliss makes.

As a matter of fairness we will say that the cast may be the victims of poor direction. Surely H. B. Warner does not usually overact so badly, nor is Ralph Forbes usually so heavy-hand-

ed . . . so you can take your choice as to whether or not Alfred Green (who also directed *Disraeli*) has anything to do with their inept work. One thing that is absolutely inexcusable is the appearance of Miss Alice Joyce as the love interest. Miss Joyce has been a grand trouper in the silent films and she is still a pleasant camera subject, but her voice is not suitable for talkies, and it was simply stupid to give her a rôle in which her indistinct pronunciation of lines would be contrasted with the flawless diction of Mr. Arliss.

(Continued on Page 34)

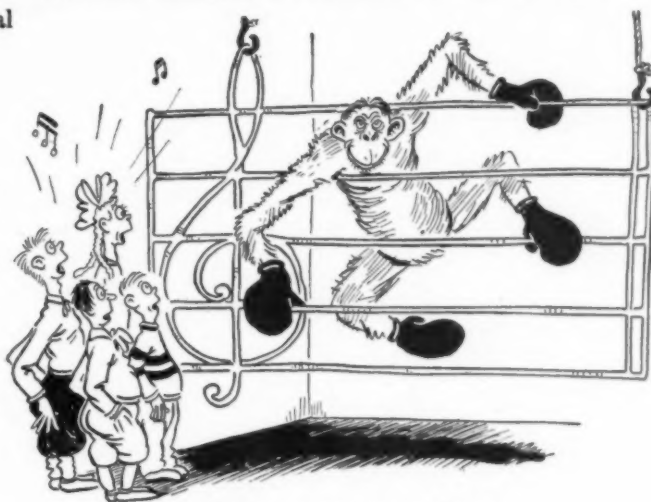
LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

The Latest Developments in Vocal Education



Youth Sings Chord!

A vocal phenomenon, long thought impossible, occurred last week when C. Aschenbach, a Swiss of twelve, sang a full-fledged chord. The rare circumstances that combined to cause this may not repeat themselves again in a million years. It all happened when Aschenbach, a stutterer who lisps and whose voice is changing, was stricken with hiccoughs during his yodeling lesson.



Reading Music at Sight

A sight-reading work-out, now popular in Hungary, is the "Kriemnz Method," illustrated above. An ape wearing black gloves is allowed to clamber on the bars of a hanging "staff." Each child follows a glove and sings the notes as fast as indicated. (A lively ape can create 34,000,000 new tone combinations in the space of an hour.)



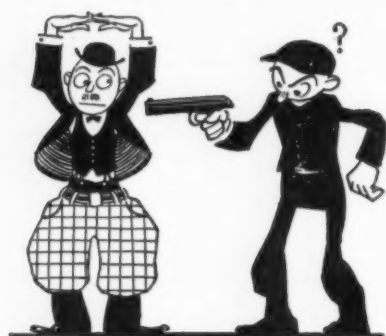
The Scale Reform Movement

"For years without realizing it," claims N. Trayfoot, the reformer, "vocal teachers have been putting indecent words into our children's mouths in teaching them the scale!" SOL and TI, he has discovered, both mean something simply awful in ancient Persian! In his crusade for revision, Trayfoot suggests substituting the harmless words, "Hedwig" and "Frith."

Life at Home



MINEOLA, L. I.—Timothy Mannix, a member of the grand jury, furnished so much intimate information about local speakeasies, that the prosecuting attorney had him investigated. He found that Mannix was himself running a speakeasy, and was using this method of crushing competitors.



PHILADELPHIA — Wearing two pairs of trousers, C. H. Schmucker, a banker of Friedens, Pa., saved himself the loss of a large sum of money when held up by two bandits. The highwaymen searched the pockets of the outer pair, but found nothing, the money remaining safe in the under cover trousers.

LOS ANGELES—Charging that he had a superiority complex, Mrs. Julia Powell obtained a divorce from Wm. Powell, the popular movie actor. "He told me that I had the mentality of a child of twelve, that he was a dramatic genius and that he was tied down and his career impeded by his marriage to a mental inferior," she testified. She added that his income was \$100,000 a year.

OSGOOD, Ind.—On her seventieth birthday, Mrs. Anna Walter started her jail sentence of thirty days for making and selling liquor. She was also fined \$141. She took all the blame in court, saying her eighty-year-old husband was too feeble to deliver rum to dance halls at all hours of the night, as she had done.

LOS ANGELES — The District Court has taken under advisement the question "Is shaking up a cocktail 'manufacturing' liquor?" Joseph Daniel Murphy was charged with possession and manufacture of whiskey. He admitted possession, but pleaded that he was cutting grain alcohol and making cocktails, which he felt was not manufacturing in the sense of the law. *Why not indict him for manslaughter?*

CHICAGO—Rooms Nos. 1, 2 and 3 at the Park Manor Hotel must remain vacant until 1931 under a Federal injunction because a bootlegger occupied the suite.

The injunction was granted by Federal Judge Carpenter after a ruling by the Federal attorney that hotels are just as responsible as other building owners when they rent quarters to bootleggers.

BUFFALO — Carmelo Mancino, thirty-seven, was hungry because he had not eaten for three days—that was why he bit his wife's thumb, he told Judge J. Adam Weiss in court here when he was tried on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

Judge Weiss advised him to control his appetite and sentenced him to ten days in jail.

"Ow! You've broken three of my ribs!"
"Well, I'm a four-rib man."



LINCOLN, Neb.—Leo P. Wells squeezed her so tightly about the waist at a party that he broke several of her ribs, Grace Hartman charged in a \$10,200 damage suit here today. *Mr. Wells loved not wisely.*

NEW YORK—Dr. C. J. Ho, industrial psychologist, has conducted a survey of the floorwalking situation. He says that the ideal floorwalker is a married man with a pleasant appearance, between thirty-five and forty years of age, and the possessor of a college education.



"Where can I purchase some rayon unmentionables?"
"In the high explosives department, madam."

ALBANY, N. Y.—Women can do their part toward establishing world peace, says Miss Frances Perkins, industrial commissioner of the New York State Department of Labor by wearing artificial silk in large quantities because artificial silk is made from gun cotton, and the more gun cotton is used for clothing the less will be available to make high explosives. America expects every woman to do her duty.

CHICAGO—Mrs. Filemena Toscani, of Wilmette, whose divorce suit against Anthony Toscani is pending, asked for an injunction restraining her husband from killing her.

If she gets it and he does kill her, he will be in contempt of court.

BOSTON—Federal Judge James M. Morton, Jr., denounced the system whereby Anthony Rogers of Lowell was brought before him charged with possession of a pint of liquor.

"Are we coming down to that?" he asked. "It is the Federal Court's policy to handle only major cases. This type of case ought to be handled in the State Court. I will fine this man \$5."

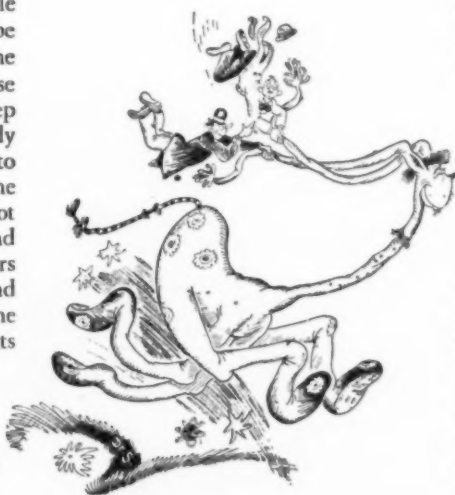


"Boys, we've been pretty careless, we're going to have this done on time!"

Where the Blue Blood Begins

say eloise if you dont stop wheezing i will have to get rid of frank outer-bridge the parrot i think you ve got a bad case of parrottenitis you remember what happened to aunt fan after she ate the canary last winter and contracted a peep now then you other little scamps stand up to the bar and be quiet while i tell you the story of the palm beach winter colony bring these children a bowl of brew tony to keep them quiet now then it seems a lady named mrs edward t stansbury went to palm beach for the winter and she went in an ordinary pullman and not a special car with beds and desks and chambermaids and cooks and butlers and sofas she was very democratic and slept in an ordinary cheap lower and she was alone and no retinue of servants and fourteen shoe trunks and a sealyham dog and a copy of spur and she lived in a wooden house in palm beach called number 16 and not a pink stucco spanish hacienda called el caliente and she could eat a meal without inviting 200 people and having an account of it in

the new york herald tribune and she went to the beach to swim and not to loll around in the sand under a parasol in pajamas while cameramen snapped her for town and country and she spent the whole winter there without having a tenor or soprano or count or prince or a new york string quartet



"Note the undulating subtleties of this baby's stride, Eddie, and then try and tell me three dollars a quart was extravagant."

and she had no yacht named moby dick anchored in lake worth and she didnt care whether she belonged to the everglades club or not and she walked whenever she wanted to and didnt have an igger push her around in a wheel chair and she only had a plain garden full of pansies not a sunken affair with moss and a patio and she didnt have three or four curly headed brats playing with sea shells and being photographed for vanity fair and her house had never been robbed and nobody ever tried to sell her any florida real estate and she didnt give a dance at the bath and tennis club every week and she left all her jewelry home in the safe so she wouldnt be conspicuous down there and she didnt bring a ten thousand dollar costume in preparation for the palm beach follies so she could go as montazuma or a startled fawn and what are you laughing at malcolm you think the storys a fake and a phooney well then you kids finish your old fashioned and go home to bed i should have known you wouldnt swallow that much hooley and eloise remember what uncle jack told you about kissing the parrot good night

—Jack Cluett

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 34

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Life, love and death mill about in a wretched side-street. A tense and moving drama.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—The best of all war plays, finely acted. Now playing in sixteen different countries.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forrest*. \$3.85—Three travelers interfere in a quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. Drinkwater's delightful comedy.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Synthetic obstetrics in a small town. Rough and funny.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's five-foot shelf of modern classics.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Inspired comedy of seduction which turns gayly into love, marriage and eleven children.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The detective solves a murder you have seen happen in a subway car before your eyes.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ring Lardner's and George S. Kaufman's side-splitting hit of tin-pan alley.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—A modern young man loves XVIIIth century London so much that he finds himself in it. Leslie Howard's superb acting.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Donald Meek, as a worm, turns on mother and the girls.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Potash and Perlmutter stuff.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A frankly naughty little comedy of youth in love which is rather well done.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—Sentimental and homely life story of a rising novelist and his wife, by Milne, with Henry Hull and Edith Barrett.
- ★METEOR. *Guild*. \$3.85—Improbable story of the career of a megalomaniac, made fairly plausible by Alfred Lunt's acting.
- ★RICHELIEU. *Hampden*. \$3.85—Walter Hampden in a new version of Bulwer-Lytton's play.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death stalks the earth to enjoy mortal emotions. Philip Merivale is excellent.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The second Mrs. F. loses her husband to Grace George. Delightful comedy by St. John Ervine.
- ★WATERLOO BRIDGE. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A sweet minded soldier in the Great War loves a forward-looking street-walker.
- ★CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. *Biltmore*. \$3.85—Newgate Prison, in 1725, as the setting for Edwin Justus Mayer's fine writing.
- AT THE BOTTOM. *Waldorf*—A new version of Gorki's "The Lower Depths."
- PHANTOMS. *Wallack's*—All the shooting is about an imitative mystery lady.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Hudson*—A lady holds her husband against a cutie's wiles in a trite comedy.

- ★EVERYTHING'S JAKE. *Assembly*. \$3.85—Don Marquis' alcoholic comedy.
- ★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—"Nancy's Private Affair" told in brilliant wise-cracks by Donald Ogden Stewart and recited by Hope Williams.
- ★MANY A SLIP. *Little*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Sylvia Sidney in an imitation of "It's a Wise Child."
- ★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Katharine Cornell gets rid of a lover by poisoning him.
- THE BOUNDARY LINE. *Forty-eighth Street*—A poetic husband and a security-loving wife struggle through a play that ought to be good.
- ★IT'S A GRAND LIFE. *Cort*. \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske hasn't enough to do in a comedy about a Park Avenue mother and her children.
- RITZY. *Longacre*—Ernest Truex as good as always in a silly comedy about a fortune that didn't materialize.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Morgan in a brilliant satire from the French. Not to be missed.
- THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*—Mutiny in the death-house. As much thrill as an ordinary set of nerves can stand.
- THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*—Helen Menken in a pretty dull play.
- APRON STRINGS. *Bijou*—The mother-son complex in a slight little comedy.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donahue at his best. Also Lily Damita in person. One of the swiftest and most colorful.
- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—The antics of Paris-Americans set to Cole Porter's music.
- ★TOP SPEED. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—Routine musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers and Lester Allen supplying the fun.
- ★WAKE UP AND DREAM. *Selwyn*. \$6.60—Tilly Losch's dancing as the main attraction of an English revue with Jack Buchanan. Cole Porter's music, including "What Is This Thing Called Love?"
- STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*—George Gershwin's music to brother Ira's lyrics and Clark and McCullough comedy. First class.
- RIPPLES. *New Amsterdam*—Fred Stone and the whole Stone family in another nice clean show.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—The one and only Ed Wynn in a show that it's thimply thwell.

Movies

- HAPPY DAYS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—The first *Grandeur* picture. Reviewed in this issue.
- THE GREEN GODDESS. (TALKIE) *Warner Bros.*—Reviewed in this issue.
- STREET OF CHANCE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—William Powell gives a remarkable performance as a refined Rothstein.
- CAMIE KIRBY. (TALKIE) *Fox*—The old melodrama, in the old style. The music doesn't help much.
- ACROSS THE WORLD WITH MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON. *Talking Picture Epics*—Another interesting travel movie with talkie lecture as background.
- THE PAINTED ANGEL. (TALKIE) *First National*—Billie Dove tries to sing and dance, which are practically the only things she can't do.
- NOT SO DUMB. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Don't agree with them. Fair.
- THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Will Rogers in one you shouldn't miss.

(Continued on Page 34)



"Granny, darling, can you tell me where Joan and Charles have gone tonight? I was to meet them."

"I think they said they were going to some people called 'Whoopie'."

—Punch, by permission.

A cool \$5,000.00 and a cool shave to you!

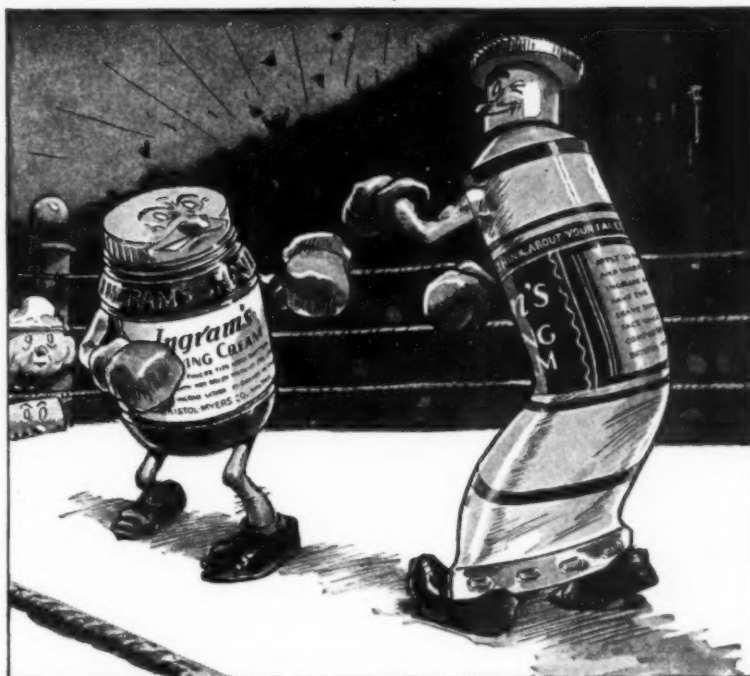
Easy, fascinating contest! Open to everybody! 328 chances for You to Win!



"The jar will win," says T.L.L. Ryan, Advertising Advisor to the Company

"Preferences don't change overnight. A million shaving men have found the blue Ingram jar has its good points which no tube can duplicate. The new tube is all right—but it won't outsell the jar that made Ingram's famous for cool, stingless shaves!"

Thomas L. Ryan



"Back the tube," says H. P. Bristol, President of the Company

"Most shaving men like a tube. The fact that Ingram's came only in a jar kept a lot of men from using this cooler, smoother shaving cream. Now that the tube is here, too, Ingram's sales will reach new levels. And the new tube will outsell the jar!"

Harry P. Bristol

A FEW weeks ago Ingram's announced a \$5,000.00 prize contest that calls for no red tape—simply for your business opinion! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's went on sale in a tube as well as a jar. The price is exactly the same as for the famous Ingram jar. And the cream it contains is the same—with the same cool comfort in shaving.

Predict how the sales of the tube will compare with those of the jar, during 1930—and win your share of \$5,000.00 in cash prizes.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926.....	751,392 Jars
1927.....	1,148,628 Jars
1928.....	1,560,828 Jars
1929.....	1,992,998 Jars

Remember, it's the jar that made this remarkable sales record! It has its advantages—don't underestimate them. Most Ingram users prefer the jar! But many men, we know, prefer a tube. So we brought the tube out, in addition to the jar, to appeal to all men who shave.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in com-

parison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each \$10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all cool shaving creams. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin while you shave. You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of cool Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest today!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 366, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)


INGRAM'S Shaving Cream

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE,
WEAR A WATCH-CHAIN



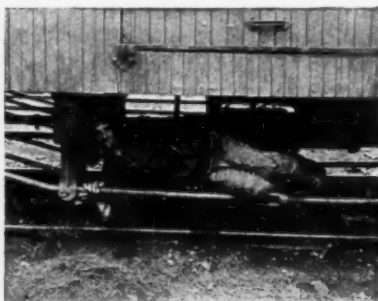
A WATCH . . . a pocket-knife . . . keys . . . it doesn't matter what you wear with a watch-chain. But it is of the highest importance that you wear the chain! No other detail of dress is so essential . . . no other accessory so reflects a cultivated taste. . . . Simmons Chains are smart. Into their making go all the skill, all the talent of men who know styles and their trends . . . and plan designs accordingly. The attractive watch-chain illustrated is the yellow gold-filled Waldemar 50, with bar links. The chain costs six dollars. Your jeweler will be glad to show you many other Simmons Chains, all reasonably priced, and as beautiful as this one. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS

 The swivel says
it's a Simmons

Life in Society

OFF FOR PALM BEACH



Mr. Caleb Bagg boarding his private car to join the winter colony at Palm Beach. Mr. Bagg, alias Mary Eloise Smothers, may spend several days in the St. Augustine freight yards before opening up Mr. and Mrs. Kiliaen B. Van Wiper's ocean-front villa, with a jimmy.

Princess Miguel Bonanza who is an ardent fisherman almost landed a 180-pound shark named Richard W. Chissel last evening in the patio of the Oasis Club. The Princess put up a game fight but Chissel, who is from Princeton, snapped her line off and got away.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Percy Carlton entertained this evening at Qui-Si-Slobba, their home in the South Ocean Boulevard, with a buffet supper for thirty friends. The guests were slightly peeved at being stood up for dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Milbunk entertained at a tea yesterday afternoon at Villa Minga, their winter estate, for 200 guests. Pouring were Mrs. Philip Graham, Mrs. Edward C. C. St. Marks and Mrs. J. Norman Clay. Squeezing and cracking were Mr. John Seitz, Mr. John M. Clarke and Frank Leonard Stiff.

Mrs. W. K. Parsley who arrived from Europe on the S. S. Saturnia is at the Bankers Trust Company before leaving for Palm Beach and Nassau.

Mrs. Jerome Napoleon is confined to her bed, El Coza, suffering from slight burns. Some flashlight powder exploded while she was looking at a camera in front of the Everglades Club.

Mrs. Thatcher M. LaFarge of 65 East Ninety-seventh Street, Tuxedo Park, The Weylin, Paris, Southampton, and Palm Beach, who has been in ill health because of it is sailing on the S. S. Rotterdam for Gummerschbad, Germany, to take the waters. Her son, Thatcher M. LaFarge, Jr., is also sailing and will try a little of the beer.

—Jack Cluett.



HINDS CREAM FIRST . . . then a smooth, quick shave

SLASH on a big handful of Hinds Cream before you shave tomorrow morning and rub it in vigorously for a few seconds. While it's wet, lather right on top of it.

Then see how easily and closely your razor mows off your beard—no matter how heavy it may be—and how relaxed and smooth it leaves your face. There will be no "tender patches," no ingrowing hairs, if you use Hinds Cream consistently before you shave.

There's probably a bottle of Hinds on your bathroom shelf. Nearly every family uses it to protect the skin from exposure and to prevent chapping.

Lehn & Fink, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J.



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Lehn & Fink, Inc.

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 25



Yes, skirts are down.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

A. P. Hebard, Jr.,
Four Winds,
Katonah, N. Y.

What the well-dressed clan will wear!

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Mrs. G. C. Shedd,
821 Green Avenue,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The smartest in laddies' wear.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Kathryn Palmiter,
35A West Fifth St.,
Watsonville, Calif.

*Even the Scot loses the freedom of
the knees.*

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

H. Anderson,
283 Park Avenue,
New York City.

*Determined to follow the fashion,
even though it kilt him.*

Answers to Anagrins

on page 10

- (1) Harvest.
- (2) Apache.
- (3) Hamlet.
- (4) Oarsman.
- (5) Sergeant.
- (6) Garcon.

According to a weekly paper the police always stop the traffic to let Mr. George Bernard Shaw cross the road. The idea of stopping Mr. Shaw to let the traffic pass is said to have been abandoned years ago. —Punch.

in keeping

There is a very tangible delight in the appointments of the dining table—in snowy napery, tasteful china, exquisite candelabra. And the smart hostess brings the same good taste that dictates these appointments, to the selection of the *condiments* that go with the delicate foods she serves.

Sweet little gherkins, so spicy, crisp, and tender; or tasty bits of cauliflower in a tangy mustard sauce. Plump queen olives, luscious with the happy flavors of Spanish sunshine. Delightful dainties — so appetizing that they give new piquancy to any food . . . zest to any occasions where foods are served!

And so on smart tables you will find these and other Heinz condiments . . . because their delightful flavor and goodness have made them indispensable to hostesses . . . because their quality is in keeping with the appointments of her table. . . H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Heinz label on any jar or bottle is the sure promise of flavor inside — flavor in its most joyous form!



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SOME OF THE 57 VARIETIES

Heinz Queen Olives • Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
Heinz Sandwich Relish • Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickles • Heinz Sweet Pickles

57



CAVIAR



THE largest Gothic cathedral in the world — where choir boys in medieval costumes dance before the high altar.

The largest and richest bazar this side of the East.

The most beautiful palace-chapel in the world.

The most famous of the world's pleasure resorts.

The most complete megalithic temple in Europe — 5000 years old.

Europe's most spectacular and romantic walled city — intact from the hey-day of chivalry.

**Shall you see any of these when you go
to Europe and the Passion Play
this Spring?**

They will enrich your trip — as caviar will richen your dinner.
But — unlike caviar — they need not increase the cost.

Send the coupon below to Raymond-Whitcomb. They will
tell you how it can be done.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

Attention of Mr. Kenneth Mygatt, Vice-President

670 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me the information offered in your "Caviar"
advertisement in "Life."

Name _____

Address _____

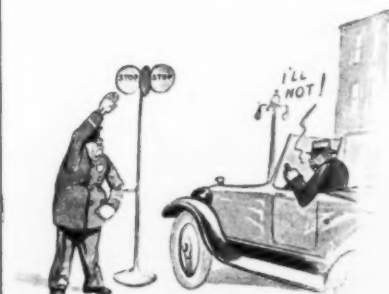
Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 14)

FEBRUARY 15—Up betimes and at my scrivenering, for which I had small heart, and it is beyond my comprehension how Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson, et al., could have turned out so much copy when not feeling in the pink. Then Edith Ames to see me, and she told me how a man of her acquaintance asked every new woman whom he met if she liked Barrie's "The Little White Bird," and then how, if she replied in the negative, he could be certain that it would be unworth while to cultivate her, which made me ponder how embarrassing it would be for me to meet him, never having read "The Little White Bird," an omission which I must repair at my earliest opportunity. I do well recall a time when I myself had a fine contempt for those who professed to dislike Henry James, and I do wonder if some of them, in view of the disregard of clarity and punctuation which is the contemporary fashion, do not regret having criticised him for using commas and saying exactly what he meant. To chapel, where they did sing "Forth in Thy Name, O Lord I Go," and then walking through the town with my nurse, and so to see Amy Anders, who did tell me of a woman who, after two or three cocktails, was obsessed to call up the rector and invite him to dinner, and she also did tell me how the roses which I did send her to the steamer had been accompanied by a tiny container, which I do regard as an excellent notion on the florist's part, and I have always held that the ideal steamer present is a wastebasket. All the afternoon gone in reading Thornton Wilder's new book, "The Woman of Andros," a fair enough performance, but I do think that he will never equal his first effort, "The Cabala."

A scientist says that, from a physical standpoint, we are inferior to prehistoric men. At the conclusion of a domestic argument, the modern husband goes to his club instead of reaching for it.

—The Humorist.



It seems there were a couple of Irishmen.

March 7, 1930

Vol. 95

Number 2470

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President
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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.

"My small son was scarcely a day old when he began to smile at me," says a correspondent in a daily paper. Some little chaps must have great difficulty in refraining from laughing outright.
—London Opinion.

A woman arriving in this country after a short visit to the Continent was asked the usual question by the Customs official at the landing port: "Anything to declare, madam?"

"No," she replied, sweetly, "nothing."
"Then, madam," said the official, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"
—Tit-Bits.

"Modern poets have one great fault in common," declares a critic. That, we presume, is their habit of writing poems.
—The Humorist.



Problem: Why does not the father of the average college student bear some natural resemblance to his son, as above?



HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR...YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE simply lives behind the wheel of her car. Her friends say that if the front door were a bit wider, she'd park her auto in the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her sole-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"! And she doesn't know what the little rash-like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes* means.

How many millions of Americans share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire Nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to the many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

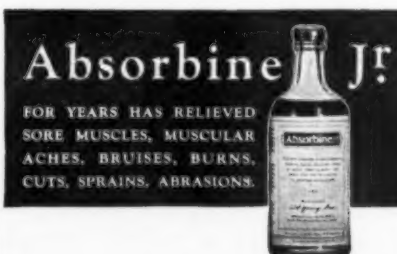
It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." Don't be fooled by mild symptoms. Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is persistent. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

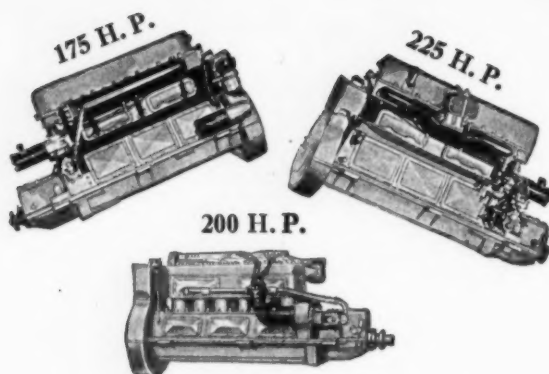
Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of any one of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.





3 NEW MODELS BY **KERMATH**

The 225 Kermath is a high speed, high powered valve-in-head Six for brilliant speeds up to 46 miles per hour for runabouts, express cruisers and commuters.

The 200 Kermath provides increased power and a new degree of torque or turning effort at usable speeds for legitimate cruiser needs without recourse to reduction gears.

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"A KERMATH ALWAYS RUNS"

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

*Do you know a girl who
looks like the girl on the Cover?*

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of Bradshaw Crandell, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as the American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! And after the all-American Beauty Team has been selected LIFE is going to—well, watch for further developments!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by Bradshaw Crandell, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By JOHN HOLMGREN

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 7)

platform with Mabel Lee, dreaming of love and occasionally reaching over with the utmost tenderness to flick a cinder from her eye. From the interior of the car Nancy looked at them from time to time. So did Bill Sparks. They sighed. They wanted that platform for themselves and were indignant that a blonde hussy and some bird whom they couldn't see should be pigging it.

Presently Bill said, "Come on up to our car, Nancy. We can at least be alone there."

"Alone?" said Nancy. "With Mother there?"

"Right," said Bill. "We stay here. Are you really going to marry me?"

"Of course," said Nancy. She yawned. She said, "This train's filthy. I'm going to wash."

"Wash for me too," said Bill coyly.

"I'm not amphibian," said Nancy and disappeared.

Bored, Bill retired to the smoking room. He thought a quick hoot out of a Lily Cup would fit in nicely. He had poured it from a silver flask and was just hooting when Willingdrift appeared in the doorway.

"Join me?" said Sparks.

"Mr. Bill!" Willingdrift was distinctly upset. So upset, in fact, that he hadn't even removed the iron hat he always wore when traveling with the family. "Mr. Bill, he's at it again and she's on to it."

"Who's at what?" said Bill, drinking.

Willingdrift took him by the arm and led him out into the passageway. From where Bill stood he could plainly see the blonde girl on the platform. He could see, too, an arm about her waist and he could see that Mrs. Smith, standing in the middle of the car, could also see all these things. Bill said, "My God, they'll kill in the open!"

Willingdrift, who had a fine appreciation of hunting terms, nodded. Then he said, "Listen, Mr. Bill, will you help, sir?"

"In the burial?"

"Listen, sir. I can get her out of the car for a second. Can you slip back there and take his place and get him to duck in the washroom? Then he can come tootling out like—like he'd been there all evening and nobody'll know the difference."

"Hmm," said Bill. Certain phases of it didn't appeal to him. Then he saw Mrs. Smith advancing on the door. There was something about her shoulders that made him realize for the first time what the early Christians thrown to the lions were up against. Plainly this man must be saved. With a quick nod to Willingdrift he stepped back into the smoking room.

Peering furtively through the curtain he saw Willingdrift approach Mrs. Smith; saw her pause in her descent, waver and finally accompany Willingdrift back through the car. When they had cleared his door he bolted for the platform.

"Humph!" said Smith, when he reached the platform. "Bill, this is a little niece of mine I've been wanting you to meet."

"That's very nice," said Bill. "Now suppose you see how quick you can get from here to the washroom?"

Smith thought he knew how quick, but he didn't. He underestimated his speed. How true the saying is that we never know what we can do until we have to! Bill slipped into the empty chair and shot his arm around the girl.

Mabel Lee Bolton, being a lady of spirit, promptly clouted him one on the side of the head, but he held on and muttered, "I'm doing this for him, not because I want to."

Miss Bolton clouted him again, more spiritedly than

before. She said, "What's the idea?" "Old lady wife," said Bill. "You don't know her when she gets going." "Oh," said Mabel Lee. "I see." Catching the spirit of the thing she let her head fall to his shoulder and her lips caress his cheek. Then the door to the car opened and the next second Nancy stood before them.

She stared, unbelieving. She'd given Bill Sparks her heart; genuinely, with all the stupendous seriousness of nineteen. In her eyes he was a god. Now she saw for the first time that when he was not occupied with being a god, he was a man. Incidents flashed through her mind. Things that had happened in the past few weeks, trivial silly things that now seemed significant. Her eyes filled up and through the angry mist in them she could barely see.

"Oh, Bill!" she said, and went away from them.

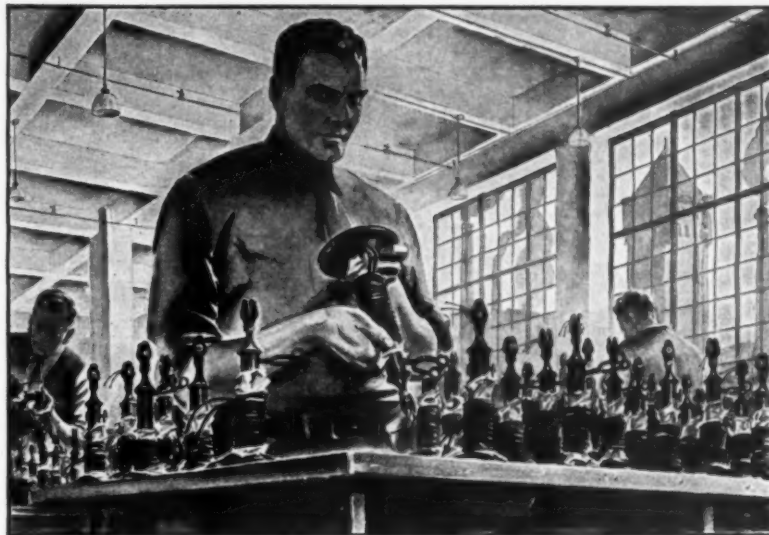
Bill got up and followed her. Inside the car Smith and his wife were chatting pleasantly. Willingdrift came up to him. He said, "You see, sir? All it needed was just a little headwork after all."

To Bill in his agony the words suggest but one thing. A moment later Willingdrift was more than astonished to find that his iron hat had been so severely shoved down over his ears that it took him fully five minutes to loosen it.

"Training," another Willingdrift Story, will appear next week.



I don't claim to be much of a mind-reader, but the fellow up-stairs is about to catch hell!



THE WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY SEARCHES THE WORLD FOR MATERIALS, AND FASHIONS THEM INTO THE EQUIPMENT OF A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

That time and distance may be subject to your voice

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell Telephone System shapes the stuff of the earth to your communication needs. It delves into the forces and methods that enable you to project your voice where you wish. It searches the world for the materials needed to put its discoveries at your command, and fashions them into the connected parts of a nation-wide system.

It has dotted the nation with exchanges, and joined them and the connecting companies with the wires and cables which enable you to talk with anyone, anywhere.

Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System is attuned to the needs of its area. Each is local to the people it serves and backed by national

resources in research, methods and manufacture. Each has the services of the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is continually developing improvements in telephone operation. Each has the advantage of the specialized production of the Western Electric Company. This production embodies the results achieved by the scientific staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, one of the great industrial research institutions of the world.

Your telephone company is in a position to offer you the service which you have today because the Bell System is organized to meet your growing communication needs with increasing satisfaction and economy.



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vegetable CRACKERS

Either sweetened or salted

Here's a vegetable nibble that is delightful. The vitamins and goodness of ripe vegetables are in them. Made with spinach, carrot, pumpkin flour, whole wheat flour and sweet yeast. Wonderful for children—and everybody.

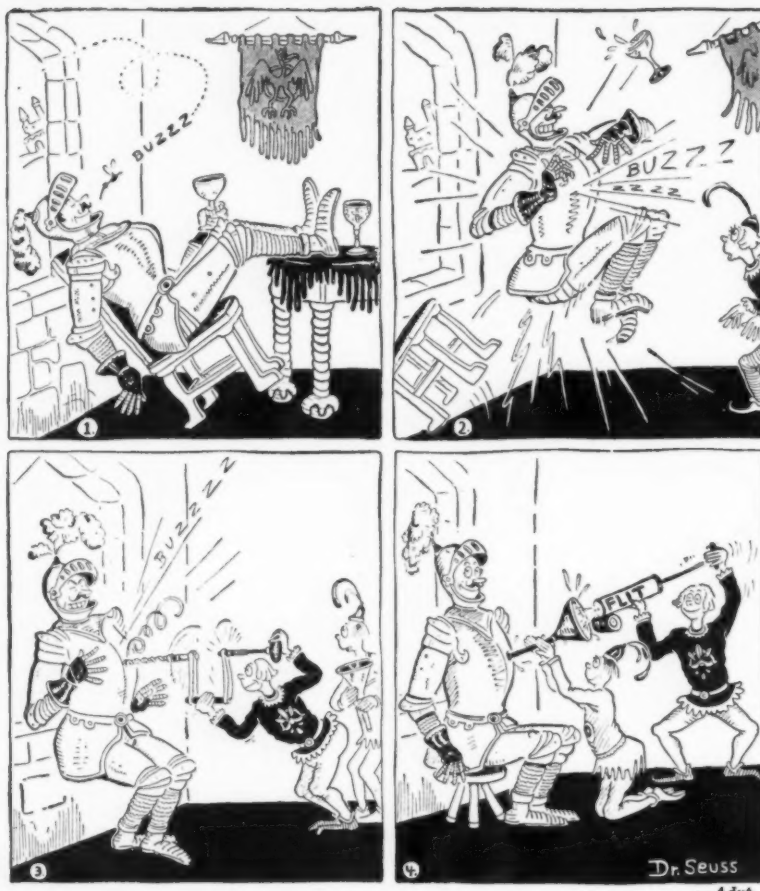


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Special offer Parcel Post Free

Whole Wheat Pretzels 60c lb.

Great Valley Mills
PAOLI, PA.



Here Lies An Honest Ad

An honest answer to why you should smoke WELLINGTON London Mixture is that it's a mixture of such unusual flavor we have smoked it incessantly for hundreds of consecutive days

and have yet to tire of it.

You'll like it—Insist on it from your dealer or send us \$1.00 for 10½ oz. If not pleased we will return money—not gladly but politely at least.

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He denounces people's pet notions
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\$1 Astounding Bargain!
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Contest have been referred to the
judges and the winners will be an-

nounced in an early issue

"AN ADDRESS OF DISTINCTION"



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At THE DRAKE you will en-
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venient to all Loop activities.
Rates begin at \$5 per day.
Permanent Suites at Special
Discounts.

THE
DRAKE
HOTEL, CHICAGO
Under Blackstone Management

The Female of the Species

Being Contributions from the Ladies.

The Origin of Standardization

Do you sometimes wonder how it ever happened that clothes became standardized? Why is it, for instance, that when you are looking for your wife or fiancée, or any other certain specified woman amongst a crowd in a department store, or hotel lobby, or at the station, and you feel sure you can recognize her anywhere by a glimpse of her hat, you become hopelessly confused over the bevy of hats around you, every one of which you would swear was the very identical hat your fair lady was accustomed to wear?

Here's how it came about. Solomon, that intrepid husband of a thousand women, was out walking one fine spring day with a certain favored wife of his, one of the cuddly, teasing, coaxing variety, with such a vivid personality that he could even remember her name.

When they reached the business section, and were strolling past a millinery shop, the petite one went into raptures over a little beige felt hat on display in the window.

"Oh, I must have that darling hat. Solly dear, isn't it adorable?" And she gave his arm an affectionate squeeze.

"You'll buy it for me, won't you, dearie? All the neighbors will envy me. Just imagine how stunning it will look! I wa-a-ant it."

Of course they bought the hat and the little favored wife wore it home.

The next morning a disheveled, downcast, pitiable wreck of a once-powerful man, who looked as though he had had a thousand stormy interviews, hobbled into the millinery shop, holding in his trembling hands a tiny beige felt hat, and thundered, "I want to place an order for 999 hats exactly like this one."

And so it was that mass production had its beginning.

—N. Florence Crane Collier.

First Love

What did I do when he had gone?
On a deep window seat with curtains
drawn,
I lay and looked out at the falling snow
and tried
To keep from sobbing as I cried.
And on the finger that had worn his
ring
I slipped another with a big, black
stone
And faced a lonely world—alone.
When was that? Oh, I can't remember
when
For I have loved a dozen men since
then. —Mrs. Ruth Ward.



YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DANCE

When you hear the languorous rhythms of Bernie Cummins' latest waltz interpretations...even though one of the delicacies of that inimitable Chef, Pierre Berard, demands your full attention—you'll just have to dance—to join the brilliant spectacle on the floor of the Terrace Restaurant. There's no music in town quite so irresistible.

2500 rooms...all with radio, tub, shower bath, Servidor, circulating ice-water...four restaurants...floor secretaries...with immediate access to theatres, shops, and business...tunnel connection to Pennsylvania Station...B & O Motor Coach connection...room rates \$3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are \$5 or less. Suites \$11 a day and upward.

NEW YORKER BONBONNETTES

NEW...delicious candy. Made from unique French recipes. Send \$2 for a souvenir pound box...add 15c per pound for postage and packing.

**THE
NEW YORKER**
RALPH HITZ, Managing Director **HOTEL**
34th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

The Masculine Credo II

That if you beat your wife continually, she will love and respect you, and will go through hell at your slightest command.

That if a man refuses to change his mind, it shows that he possesses determination.

That if a woman refuses to change her mind, she is pig-headed and shrewish.

That a woman cannot drive an automobile because she is too nervous and frail.

That women are meant only to be wives, and that men know life and are the ones to make decisions.

That women get better marks in college because they exercise their feminine wiles on the instructors.

That women have no sense of humor.
—Teddy Kruglak.

Heard over the radio—"The Hotel Richmond Orchestra presents A Little Kiss Each Morning—" At last, a hotel with the *real* personal touch!

—Mary E. Coleman.

A husband may not understand his wife, but the style makers do.

—Katherine Negley.

Although God alone can make a tree, it takes a college to make the sap.

—N. Florence Crane Collier.

Blue Moon

In the dusky garden we
Watched a white moon rise:
Watched it growing silvery
In the darkening skies,
Till I lost it in the sea
Blueness of your eyes.

Only once in a blue moon
Maddest dreams come true,
Sounding like a magic rune—
Only once in a blue moon.
Dreams that last are few—
Like the musky dusk of June
Shattered through and through
By a poignant minor tune
All my heart my dear you drew
Through the violet dusk to you,
Through the twilight star-dust strewn,
When my golden dream came true
Once in a blue moon.

—May D. Hatch.

Omar Khayyam Revised

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine
And thou were Paradise, 'tis true;
But in a pinch I could do without
The bread and you!

—Ruth Kissen.



BEAR UP!

IF YOUR smoking pleasure starts off at a high quotation but falls off several points before night — bear up — don't bear down.

Start using Squibb's Dental Cream and see the difference. Squibb's gives an extra margin of zest — an extra dividend of sparkle.

Because Squibb's is over half Milk of Magnesia — the finest, safest antacid. Squibb's protects. It neutralizes acids — keeps your teeth and gums sturdy and healthy.

Invest in Squibb's. You'll like it. At all drug stores.

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**SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM**



Men .. It's here!

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

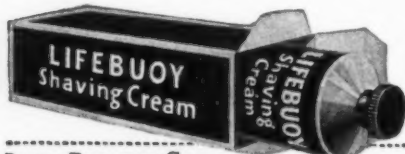
*Its double-dense lather
ends tenderface*

MEN! Here is the new Lifebuoy Shaving Cream! Its healing, soothing, double-dense lather gives the smoothest shave ever.

Most shaving irritation is caused by friction—rough scraping of razor over skin. End friction by complete lubrication and you end tenderface forever.

Ordinary lather cannot completely lubricate. It's too frothy—too bubbly. But Lifebuoy lather is different. It is rich, creamy, double-dense. It clings to the face, perfectly lubricating the shaving surface. No pull. No friction. You get a marvelously clean shave—yet the razor scarcely seems to touch you.

Then, too, Lifebuoy Shaving Cream gives the same antiseptic protection as the famed Lifebuoy Health Soap. Soothes and heals. Actually a lather and face lotion in one. Get the big red tube today. Or mail the coupon for a free trial tube.



LEVER BROTHERS Co.;
Cambridge, Mass., Dept. 93

Please send me a 12-day "Show Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Good only in U. S. A.)

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Records

TAIN'T NO SIN.....
George Olsen's band is one of the best. This is lots of fun.

CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?.....
The High Hatters keep going at a good snappy pace. (Victor)

AFTER YOU'VE GONE.....
.....The well known old favorite.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY.....
Mournful blues. Gene Austen croons with easy naturalness. (Victor)

BLUE IS THE NIGHT.....
Soft and low. Vocal chorus by James Melton.

KEEPIN' MYSELF FOR YOU.....
.....Bright and merry. (Victor)

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES A MAN.....
.....Slow syncopated rhythm.

WHEN I'M COOKING BREAKFAST.....
.....Bernie Cummins speeds up on this one. (Victor)

Sheet Music

"Send For Me" (Simple Simon)

"I Still Believe in You" (Simple Simon)

"I'll Know Him" (Flying High)

"Wasn't It Beautiful While It Lasted" (Flying High)

"Anything May Happen" (Ripples)

"Mona" (Happy Days, movie)

"Puttin' on the Ritz" (Puttin' on the Ritz)

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

Movies

(Continued from Page 20)

The story tells how three English people, two men and a woman, fall into the clutches of the Rajah of Rukh, who plans to kill them in revenge for the fate of his three brothers, who are being held under death penalty by the British government. The Rajah presents the usual proposition to the lady . . . "Your husband and lover will be free if you will . . ." which of course she won't. The husband dies a hero when he is shot while sending a wireless message for help, and the wife and her lover are rescued when the British aeroplanes arrive as they are being sacrificed to the Green Goddess. We recount the whole plot in the hope that you will not like it and stay home.

Our condolences to Mr. Arliss—and better luck next time.

Too many people never know where their next cheque is coming from. And too many never know when their last one is coming back.

—Everybody's Weekly.

(34)

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

• • •

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

• • •

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

• • •

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

• • •

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

• • •

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show).....

(No. Seats)..... (Date).....

.....

.....

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



The first reader.

MOTHER: What do you say to a fine cake for your birthday, with ten candles on top, one for each year of your age?

TEDDY: Oh, but look here, mum, I've got a better idea! Why not one candle, with ten cakes for my age?

—Pearson's.

Burglars who entered a house in a London suburb ate a joint of cold roast pork, a plum pudding, and a lobster. A sharp lookout is being kept at all hospitals.

—The Humorist.

Gene Tunney is rapidly recovering from his operation. It won't be long now until the doctors can hand him back to the lawyers.

—The New Yorker.



FOR EYES OF YOUTH

Dull, tired, bloodshot eyes can be made to look and feel much younger by a few applications of *Murine*. It harmlessly clears them up, brings back their sparkle, and causes them to feel fresh and invigorated. 60c. Try it!

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

LE MOMENT JOYEUX

[THE JOYOUS MOMENT]

When you are dealt three
of a kind . . . conceal your joy . .
Tres bien (pronounced tres bien)



be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

"Here today—
gone tomorrow"
THAT'S LIFE
on the newsstands

Why take a chance! Just sign the nice little dotted line, enclose your check, and let us do the rest!

Name 629

Address

1 Year (United States and Canada) \$5.00
1 Year (Foreign)\$6.60

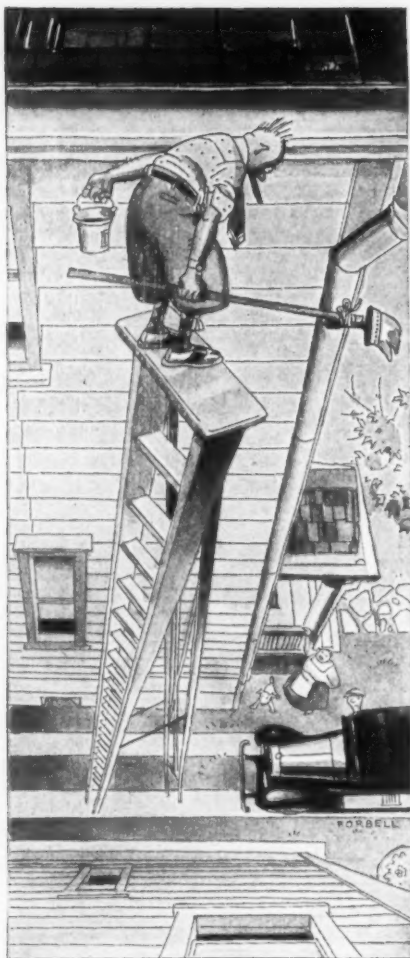
Sign in Chicago café: "Not responsible for lives lost in this restaurant."
—Harvard Lampoon.



OVERNIGHT from New York to superb golf on one of the finest courses in the south—grass greens. Riding and other outdoor sports amid beautiful natural surroundings. Sedgefield Inn offers accommodations to suit the most exacting. A delightful place for a visit, and a convenient week-end objective. Two hours by car from Pinehurst.

Folder on request.

SEDFIELD INN
SEDFIELD ... GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA



Does Spring "touchin' up" ever give you a funny feeling in the pit of your stomach?

Accidents can happen *anywhere* but do you realize that *one out of every four fatal injuries happens right at home*. Accident Insurance costs so little and means so much.

Aetna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Aetna protection reaches from coast to coast through 20,000 agents. The Aetna agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!



The Aetna Life Group consists of the Aetna Life Insurance Company • The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

AETNA-IZE

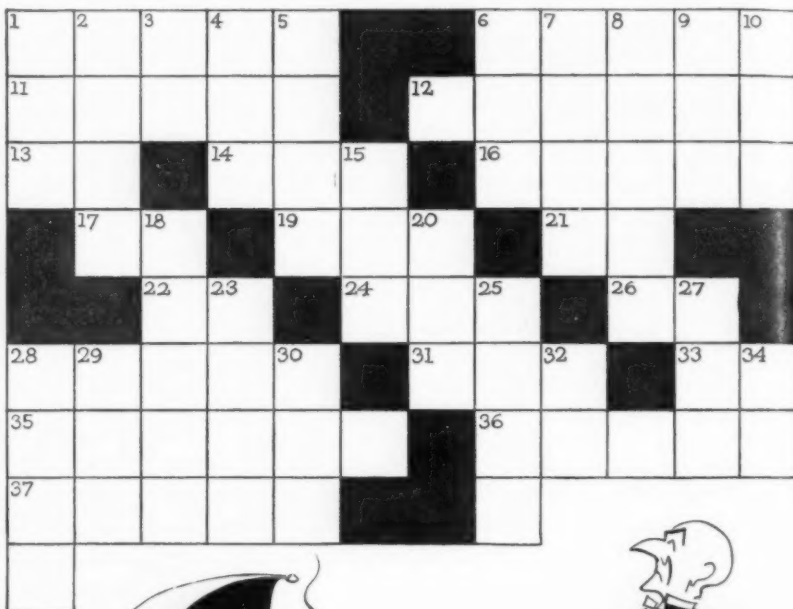
LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 30

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, March 21. Winners will appear in the Apr. 11 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

VERTICAL

1. Just a small branch.
6. What a burglar will give for what he takes.
11. You should get this for a song.
12. This brings liberty to some people.
13. A prominent citizen of the Empire State. (Nickname.)
14. This has a lot of pull.
16. What the social lion is.
17. An officer. (Abbr.)
19. This is always butting in.
21. Prefix—twice.
22. Part of the verb to be.
24. What a private *must* call Horizontal 17.
26. Preposition.
28. It's hard to get to the bottom of this.
31. A hold up.
33. This should leave well enough alone. (Abbr.)
35. There's a sting to this.
36. You'll never find a procrastinator this way.
37. Insert.

1. Where the Germans decided to sign the Armistice terms.
2. This will help you take your medicine.
3. A God of Egypt.
4. A mound builder.
5. Pronoun.
6. What Little Jack Horner did.
7. Don't let this get a hold on you.
8. To concede.
9. Where the little fishes come from.
10. "That's all there is, there isn't any more."
15. This often runs out on the road.
18. Rows.
20. The day—at noon.
23. The kind of girl who *doesn't* go crazy over Rudy Vallée.
25. What that girl (Vertical 23) is.
27. This kind of thing is queer.
28. A state.
29. To peruse.
30. This is entangling.
32. A pronoun.
34. This is good as far as it goes. (Abbr.)



SEVEN YEARS OF WORLD-WIDE RESPECT

During the last seven years, in competitions all over the world the Austin has taken first place over 200 times, second place 165 times and has won over 95 gold medals, silver medals and cups. These competitions have included almost every type of speed, reliability or hill-climbing test against the world's first cars. The following are a few scattered records:



Brooklands Racing Drivers Club, England. 200 miles at 83.53 miles per hour.



Monthlery, France. 24 hour race at 64.75 miles per hour.



Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain. Broke all records, won three cups.



Seramban Hill Climb, Borneo. 1st—2nd—3rd.



Mulders Drift Hill Climb, South Africa. 1st—2nd—3rd.



Swiss Automobile Club Touring Race. First.



Germany, Fahrt Durch Schlesien. First—second.



Victoria to Melbourne, Australia. 55.07 miles in one hour on one (imperial) gallon of gasoline.

Cock-crow of the Bantam car Presenting THE AMERICAN AUSTIN ...a car to run around in

Don't be surprised if a dealer near you calls up sometime soon to show you an entirely new kind of car—fleet, eager, easily controlled, personal transportation.



The Challenge

Such is the American Austin, an epitome of motor smartness, convenience and mileage thrift. It will take you well over fifty miles an hour and will do forty miles on a gallon of gasoline. Watch it leap ahead of the pack at the green light's flash and quickly reach forty in second gear. Turn it completely around in the confines of a narrow city street with an easy turn of the steering wheel. This is the transportation for people who must move quickly and with precision through the crowded spaces of a modern world.



The Thrust

Except for body designs distinctively American in their alertness, the American Austin is a duplicate of the Austin of international fame that has brought in scores of cups and medals from the testing courses of the world. Every part of the American Austin will be built in



The Victory

America, by American workmen, in American factories, financed and controlled by American capital.

A unique social acceptance follows this Bantam Car from abroad. Epsom Downs, the Bois de Boulogne, Unter den Linden and the Riviera all know the easy purr of its motor. A check of Burke's Peerage, the Almanach de Gotha and Toute Paris, the social registers of Europe, will reveal owners on almost every page.



The Start

The American Austin is small—twenty-eight inches shorter in wheelbase than any standard American car, and sixteen inches narrower than the old wagon wheel standard. But it is complete, with four wheel brakes and all the usual equipment, answering every need of comfort and efficiency.



The Down

Translate this Bantam Car into terms of the kind of transportation you need most... the quick getaway for a train or an appointment... the search for parking space... the futility of seven passenger expense for one or two people. You can drive the American Austin ten thousand miles on fifty-six dollars worth of gasoline and oil. Its exceedingly low price will surprise. Write for literature.

THE AMERICAN
Austin



AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INC., 7300 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"THE SHADOW
which pursues us all"

(John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892)

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

**AVOID THAT
FUTURE SHADOW**

by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

We do not represent that
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well; if
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
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tain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
**Reach
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LUCKY**
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"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

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